Christman, Harry. I shouted above the noise of the gale and the slatting of the curinin.

The fire glowed brightly in the bowl of his pipe once, twice, before he answered. He leaned against the boller on his side, so that I could bursly discern his features in the dim light, and replied cheerlessiv:

O, in the board'n house, I guess. Where else? They're a goin to have roast turkey an' cranberry sauce an' plum puddin, I hear."

I soon knew his story—a stepmother three months after his own mother's death, and, I mentally added, a redheaded stepson. He had picked up a general idea of firing while beating his way on here from Wisconsin, and happening is arrive at our roundhouse just as a man was urgently needed, he caught on. "They're callin' us." he concluded.



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## Cale of An Amateur Hobo

Josiah Flynt Tells of the Tramp's Devices-The Tender-













R. G. DUN & CO.,